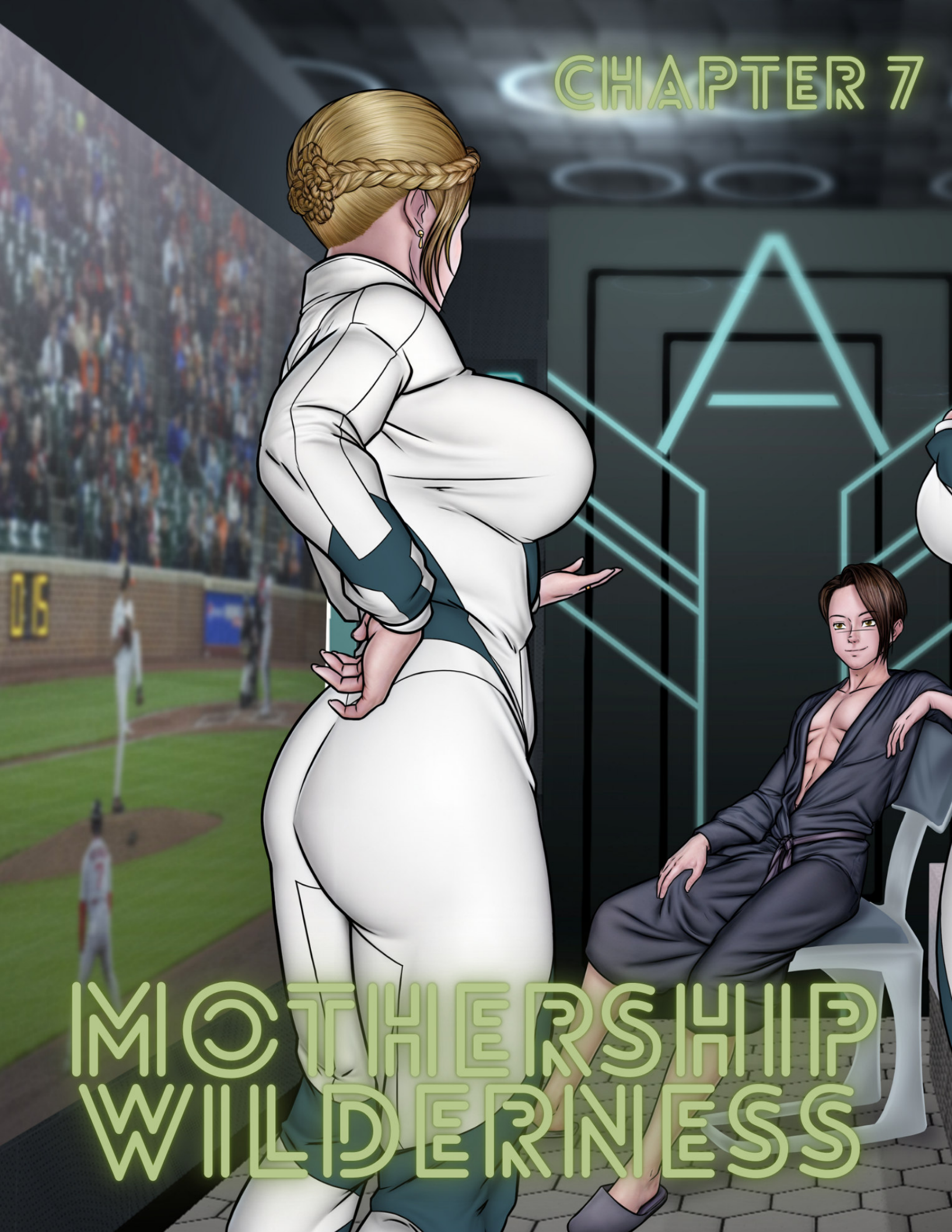


CHAPTER 7



MOTHERSHIP WILDERNESS

FICTION *Rawly Rawls*

Mothership Wilderness 7

Illustrations by Adun

Written by RawlyRawls & CeeBee42

This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read more of Rawls's work, please visit: <https://rawlyrawls.com>. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. All characters in this work are 18 years or older. Enjoy!

Have questions about a story? Need to look up characters or past plot points?

Check out the comprehensive Rawlyverse wiki page

<https://wiki.rawlyrawls.net/x/ujrplw>

Also join our DISCORD server <https://discord.gg/TWuZA82gWg> if you want to chat with us, ask questions, or post related stuff!

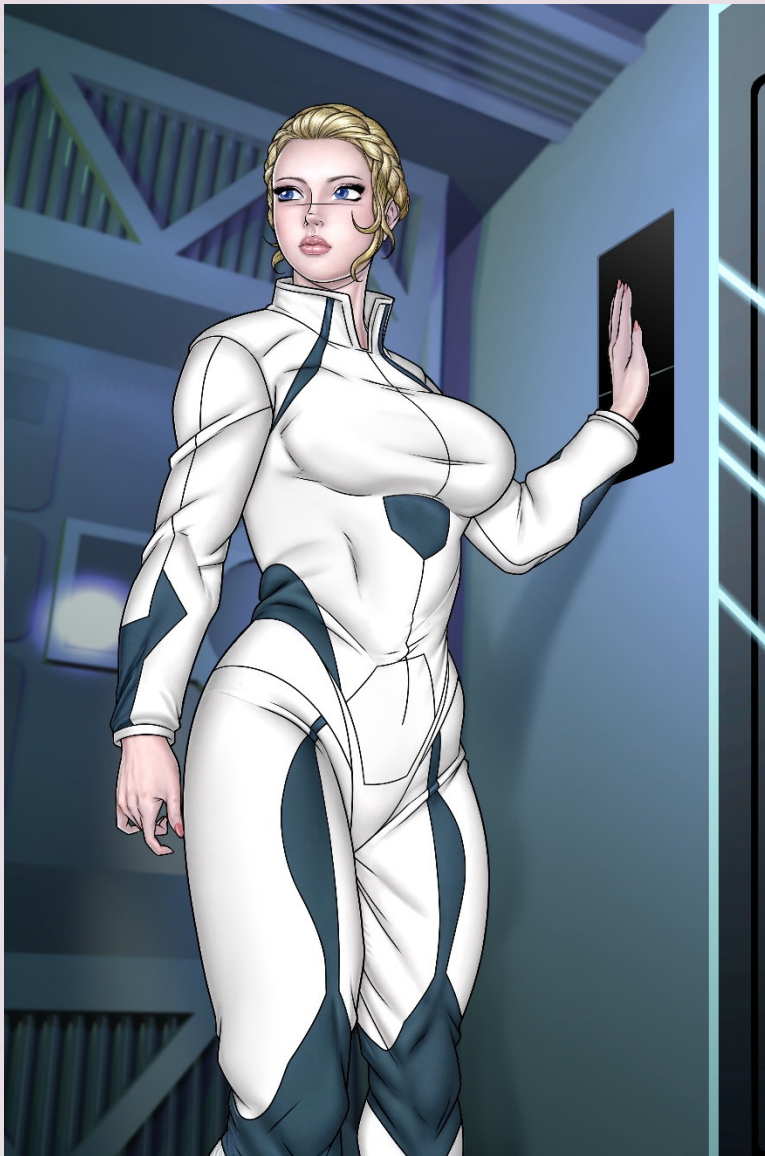
To see more Adun: <https://subscribestar.adult/dannysulca>

The corridors of Errand into the Wilderness were dimmed to simulate night. As God's children, Pricilla knew that wherever they travelled they needed to heed the laws of their creation. They should remind themselves of the firmaments of the second day. Land, sea, and sky were far away at the moment, but they had the holopark and imagerooms to remind the crew of their play in His creation. They must also observe the day/night cycle which would lead to the sabbath. Without reminders of their first home, they would cease to be human and might fall back into the animal kingdom, as had the rest of Earth since the Fourth War. Pricilla shuddered to think of the heathens and polygamists back home.

As she walked down the darkened corridor, Pricilla shuddered again. What now separated her from those they had fled? Her brother was now a depraved creature, and she was sneaking out of her husband's bed to perform marital bonds with that rapacious thing between Jacob's legs. Bonds that should be reserved only for John.

"Errand?"

"Yes, Member Carver?" The computer's feminine voice had a soothing quality.



"Is my brother's door locked?" Pricilla could see Jacob's door just down the corridor in the dim light. Her breasts ached as they pushed at her Colony Control uniform. Her underwear stuck uncomfortably where her wetness spread. She started to waddle a little, which would have looked ridiculous if anyone was up at that hour to see her. Fortunately, she was alone.

"Members Mason and Humility Winthrop have locked their door."

"Stupid computer." Pricilla got to the door and stood. Silence blanketed her. "You know I'm talking about Jake."

"Member Jacob Winthrop's door is unlocked."

"Okay. Go away now," Pricilla said to the computer. She was irritable and taking it out on their innocent ship. Was it the expectation of that pure joy that made her so tense? Was this what the heathens meant by 'needing a fix'? Pricilla opened the door and stepped into the room. The only light fell in through the windows from distant stars. She could hear her brother's soft breathing as he slept.

Creeping across the room, her eyes adjusted to the darkness. She found his bed and looked down at him as she unzipped her uniform. Heaven help her, he had night wood. While Jacob slept on his

back, his penis propped up the blanket with its hardness. She could see it moving under there, like a creature looking for a way out. Pricilla was here to give the vile thing what it wanted. To ease Jacob's plight. It was the sisterly thing to do, even if John would never understand.

When she removed her bra, her boobs dropped out of confinement. That wasn't quite right, was it? Her boobs had always stood so small and proud on her chest that they didn't drop. But they did now. Pricilla tentatively lifted each tender breast. They were definitely bigger. She felt like she was having a second adolescence. Somehow, she took these new strange changes in stride. She stepped out of her uniform.

The thing under the blanket seemed to writhe with more urgency. Could Jacob's penis know she was there while he slept? She'd heard a heather's penis had a mind of its own, but she didn't think that was what the saying meant. Jacob's breathing remained calm and even. Pricilla trembled with excitement as she removed her panties and put them on the pile of her clothes.

The blanket was smooth and soft under her fingers. She pulled it down his body. Normal skinny chest for an eighteen-year-old colony settler. Normal belly, slightly concave. But what was next was anything but normal.



Despite knowing what she would find, a gasp escaped Pricilla's lips as she uncovered the behemoth. It moved in a way God had not intended human parts to move. Yet, according to their scripture, it had to be His work. Clear fluid wept from the head and ran over the veiny protuberances. Her heart beat a mile a minute. She thought about waking her brother tenderly with her mouth, but she needed it inside her. For Jacob's own good, of course.



Pricilla climbed onto the bed, straddled Jacob, and looked down at his sleeping face. He looked so content. Her heart surged at the thought that she was about to bring him more joy still. With her husband, she would have to reach down, find his manhood, and insert it for him. But with Jacob, she had only to lower herself enough that his thing could work its way in. And that's just what it did.

"Oooooohhhhhhhh." Her hips gave a few involuntary jerks as she sank down and felt the penis exploring her insides. "It's where it belongs," she whispered. "I will tame this beast." She rocked her hips and ground her little button into her brother. Within minutes, she quivered her way through an orgasm. It gave her delicate, sweet joy. But, of course, such climaxes were only a prelude to the eruption that would happen within her when her body accepted his sperm.

"Mom?" Jacob blinked his eyes, trying to focus.

"It's me ... Jake." Pricilla switched her movement to a bouncing ride, like taking the stud out at a canter back on Earth. She bounced high enough that it would have dislodged her poor husband every time, but Jacob stayed firmly inside her.

"Oh, Pricilla. That feels so good." Jacob reached out and put his hands on her narrow thighs. He could feel her muscles clenching and unclenching with her efforts. "I was ... just dreaming about my ... balls. They hurt."



"I know you need us to ... ugh ... ugh ... help you." Pricilla threw her head back, her blond hair falling back behind her shoulders. She looked up at the ceiling. She was going over the edge again. "Don't you worry about ... your pent up ... stuff ... anymmmmooooooooooooorree." Pricilla's shoulders jerked forward and she convulsed with pleasure. That mammoth penis had just found one of her weak spots and sent her mind spiraling. She wasn't taming it. It was taming her.



"You're ... so beautiful ..." Jacob's eyes searched her form in the dark. Her breasts flopped on her chest, her dark nipples standing out on her pale skin. Her slender, strong body twisted this way and that. She was usually so regal in her bearing, but she had sunk to something less than that with him. He wished he could see the triangle of blond hair between her legs, but it was lost in shadow. He could, however, see the outline of his long cock plunging in and out of her. It was a miracle that it fit. He let her ride him for a long time, drinking in the sight of her. Eventually, his grip on her trim thighs tightened. "I ... needed ... this ... ugh ... thank you ... aaaaaahhhhhhhh." Jacob roared out his pleasure.



“Me ... too ... gggggghhhhhhhhaaaaaaa ... mmmmmpppppphhhhhh ...” All words were lost for Pricilla once his stuff filled her up. After that, it was a swim for her through nebulae of pleasure.

Jacob listened to the stupid sounds she made as her humps became more irregular and then stopped all together. He grunted out his last few waves of orgasm and then relaxed back into the mattress. He looked up at Pricilla as she leaned forward, shaking. Her hair fell around her face and her boobs hung toward Jacob’s chest. They stayed like that for a good long while, still joined by Jacob’s quieted cock.



"If you can do ... that to a woman ... you truly are ... His messenger," Pricilla said with a choked laugh.

"What?" Jacob furrowed his brow, trying to read her face shadowed by her hair.

"Nothing." Slowing rising her hips, Pricilla pulled him out of her and sat on the bed next to him. "I need to get back to John before he notices I'm gone." Her eyes were drawn right back to his hard thing, still writhing, but with much less urgency than before.

"Could you spare a few more minutes?" Jacob sat up, grabbed her hips, and maneuvered her onto her back. He enjoyed the way her breasts hung to the sides.

"Sorry, Jake." She shook her head. "John could wake up at any time, I –" She was cut off by Jacob's lips on hers. He gave a series of kisses. First tentative, then with more confidence, and then his tongue slipped into her mouth. She could feel his heavy, meaty thing wriggling on top of her belly. His sacks still felt so full as they rested on her pelvis. "No ... I ... um ... John ... mmmmmmm ..." she said in between kisses. She reached down with her left hand and stroked the monster as they made out. Feelings of pride, guilt, and awe mixed as her hand slowly measured the size of it. She knew she shouldn't let her wedding ring touch the thing, that John would go crazy if he knew, but how could she stop any of this? This was His will, after all.

"I'm going to put it in now." Jacob lowered his hips and let his dick move into her again.



“Okay.” She couldn’t think of anything more to say. Soon, she was screaming out her pleasure again, letting her brother do with her as he willed.

It wasn’t until many hours later that Pricilla left her brother’s room, freshly showered. The corridors were brighter, reminding the crew of the dawn He brings each day. It was too bad for John that this had happened. But Pricilla thought less about her husband than she’d expected as she walked back to their quarters. Instead, she thought about the almost angry look on Jacob’s face when he was about to burst, and then the boundless joy that followed for both of them shortly after that.

~~

“Do you have a moment?” Humility walked into the lounge where Mary read by one of the long windows.

“What is it dear?” Mary looked up to see her short daughter-in-law walk in with a holo-projection hovering to her right.

“You studied Errand’s neural cortex, right? You know, how the ship thinks.” Humility spun the numbers in her projection so that Mary could see them.



“I did.” Mary nodded and smiled. She put her book down to give Humility her full attention.

“I think the computer ran some low-order protocol from Colony Control, and that’s why it injected Jacob with the stuff.” Humility pointed at the numbers, walking Mary through what she’d found. “The fertility drug was not given to Errand by Colony Control. As I was digging for something to reverse the effects, I found that Errand sent out a request to a heathen government for the drug. And ... somehow

bought it, or traded for it ... I’m not sure.”

“Why on Earth would Errand into the Wilderness trade with the heathens?” Mary frowned, her pretty face scrunching up in thought.

“Well, Colony Control gave Errand a tertiary command to increase New Canaan’s survival chances.”

“I thought our survival was assured ...” Mary’s eyes darted back and forth as she took in the numbers.

"It was. Well, almost." Humility pointed at a row on the right. "Before takeoff, New Canaan had a 98.7% chance of survival. Almost perfect. But Errand thought the tertiary command meant it needed to raise that. The computer calculated that with the fertility drug injected into a suitable male, survival would go up to 99.6%. I think Errand has been secretly hindering my work on a reversal because of that command. It's still working the probabilities. If you help me trim that command branch, I think we can get Jacob back to normal."

"I see." Mary smiled and stood up. She walked to the door. "Follow me, Lil. I need to show you something."

"What?" Humility turned off her holo-projection and trotted to catch up to Mary's longer strides. They went out into the corridor and turned right, heading toward Jacob's quarters.

"His word flows through Colony Control. And His will is one and the same with our mission. Yes?" Mary looked over at the young woman. She was very pretty, with curves that pulled at her uniform. She knew Mason would never understand why his wife would have to sacrifice as she was about to do. But Humility had said it herself, God wanted them to survive.

"Yes." Humility arched an eyebrow in curiosity. "But Colony Control can make mistakes. I mean, you studied the computer, it's not infallible."

"That's just it, dear." Mary arrived at Jacob's door and opened it. She saw Jacob sitting inside watching an old baseball game with a robe on. How nice. "The word and deeds of the Lord are infallible. We cannot hope to comprehend his will. It is only ours to obey. Once you touch the face of God, you will understand. Let me show you." She pushed Humility into the room and gave the door instructions not to let anyone else in.

"What are you talking about?" Humility's pulse quickened. "I thought we were trying to -"

"Hi, Mom. Hi, Lil."

Jacob paused the baseball game, stood, and smiled at them.

"Hello, Jacob."

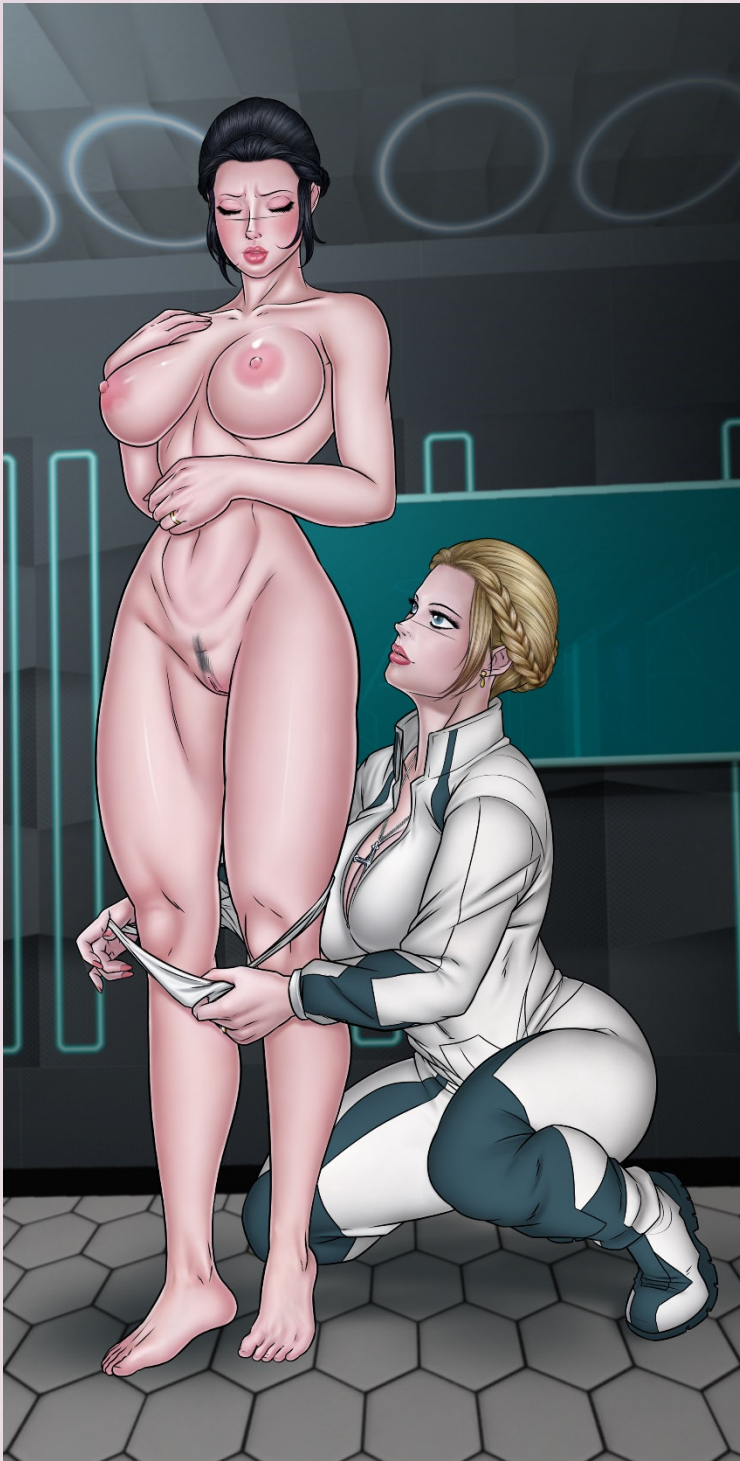
Humility blushed, thinking about what she'd done with her hands to Jacob only yesterday.

"Hello, sweetie." Mary smiled. "Be a dear and disrobe for us."

"Really?" Jacob looked at his sister-in-law and saw her wince at his mother's words. But he dropped his robe. His dick had sprung to life the second they had



walked into this room. Now it was about three-quarters turgid, and growing. All eyes in the room fixed on it and there was silence while it mustered itself to full strength. Soon, it writhed and leaked precum as it always did when sex was imminent.



“Have you bowed before His messenger yet?” Mary’s eyes turned from the frightful penis to Humility’s blank face. The color had drained away from her feminine features. It looked like Humility had seen a ghost. “You have bowed before Him. I can tell from the way you’re looking at it. What did you do?”

“I only touched it with my hands,” Humility whispered. She felt Mary unzipping her uniform and wanted to protest, but couldn’t bring herself to say anything. Her knees trembled. She knew what Mary had wanted her to see.

“Did you imbibe of him?” Mary helped the young woman step out of her uniform and then reached behind her to unclasp her bra.

“I did.” Humility shivered at the memory of that ecstasy.

“Then you have already seen the face of God.” Mary removed the bra and admired the woman’s full breasts. “Why would you persist in trying to find fault with the faultless when you have experienced that perfection? You should know.” Mary bent down and slid her fingers under the band of Humility’s panties. She slid them off the woman, who offered no resistance. “Oh, these are a bit sticky, aren’t they?” She tossed the panties toward the bathroom. They’d need to go down the laundry chute later.

“It was a programming error,” Humility said weakly. She felt pressure on her bare back and let herself be pushed toward Jacob and his hideously moving cock.

“You’ve always been a pretty bird, Lil.” Mary stood back and watched with rapt attention.

“Let’s see if you’re still singing the same song after this.” She looked at her son. “Take her, Jake. Bless her with your seed.”

“Okay, Mom.” Jacob tenderly took Humility by the shoulders and put her hands down on the bed, with her feet still on the floor, and legs slightly bent. “Maybe the first time it would be easier if you pretended I was Mason.”

The thought of comparing her portly husband with his tiny, underused penis to the abomination next to her made Humility snort a laugh. But it lasted only a second. Jacob's penis found her opening and forced its way into her vagina. She clutched the blankets and held on for dear life as he lunged into her. "I feel it ... I feel it ... I feel it ..." she wailed.

Mary slowly undressed and sat on the bed next to them, so she could look up into their eyes. Her own boobs rocked on her chest as Humility's rigid arms pushed into the mattress with each thrust. Mary enjoyed the way Humility's boobs swayed under her. She was the perfect embodiment of the fecundity promised by their mission to New Canaan. "Now that he's inside you, you see this is all part of His plan. Right?"

"No ... I ... no ..."
Humility's muscles clenched and she screamed out an orgasm on that thick cock. How could it not be part of a plan? Her mind echoed her mother-in-law. How could this feeling not be specifically designed? It was too perfect. She pushed her butt back at Jacob and let her analytical mind float away. Perhaps never to return. She didn't know if she wanted it to come back.



